



Number 35

MORANG'S LITERATURE SERIES

Tennyson's
Enoch Arden
Etc.

EDITED WITH NOTES BY
JOHN C. SAUL, M.A.

TORONTO

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(See inside of back cover)

Gretta Sherman.
Sept. '09.

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LIFE OF TENNYSON

ALFRED TENNYSON was born at Somersby, a small hamlet among the Lincolnshire wolds, on August 6, 1809. His father, the Rev. George Clayton Tennyson, the vicar of Somersby, was a man of large and cultivated intellect, interested in poetry, mathematics, painting, music and architecture, but somewhat harsh and austere in manner, and subject to fits of gloomy depression, during which his presence was avoided by his family. He was sincerely devoted to them, however, and himself supervised their education. His mother, Elizabeth Fytche, the daughter of the Rev. Stephen Fytche of Louth, was a kind-hearted, gentle, refined woman, beloved by her family and friends. Her influence over her sons and daughters was unbounded, and over none more so than Alfred, who in after life recognized to the full what he owed to his mother.

The family was large, consisting of twelve sons and daughters, of whom the eldest died in infancy. Alfred was the fourth child, his brothers Frederick and Charles being older than he. The home life was a very happy one. The boys and girls were all fond of books and their games partook of the nature of the books they had been reading. They were given to writing, and in this they were encouraged by their father, who proved himself a wise and discriminating critic. Alfred early showed signs of his poetic bent; at the age of twelve he had written an epic of four thousand lines, and even before this a tragedy and innumerable poems in blank verse. He was not encouraged, however, to preserve these specimens of his early powers, and they are now lost.

Alfred attended for a time a small school near his home, but at the age of seven he was sent to the Grammar School at Louth. While at Louth he lived with his grandmother, but his days at school were not happy, and he afterwards looked back over them with almost a shudder. Before he was twelve he returned home, and began his preparation for the university under his father's care. His time was not all devoted to serious study, but was spent in roaming through his father's library devouring the great classics of ancient and modern times, and in writing his own poems. The family each summer removed to Mablethorpe on the Lincolnshire coast. Here Alfred learned to love the sea in all its moods, a love which lasted through his life.

In 1827, after Frederick had entered Cambridge, the two brothers, Charles and Alfred, being in want of pocket money, resolved to publish a volume of poems. They made a selection from their numerous poems and offered the book to a bookseller in Louth. For some unknown reason, he accepted the book, and soon after, it was published under the title, *Poems by Two Brothers*. There were in reality three brothers, as some of Frederick's poems were included in the volume. The brothers were promised £20, but more than one half of this sum they had to take out in books. With the balance they went on a triumphal expedition to the sea, rejoicing in the successful launching of their first literary effort.

In 1828 Charles and Alfred Tennyson matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where their elder brother Frederic had already been for some time. Alfred was a somewhat shy lad, and did not at once take kindly to the life of his college. He soon, however, found himself one of a famous society known as "The Apostles," to which belonged some of the best men in the University. Not one member of the

"Apostles" at this time, but afterwards made a name for himself and made his influence felt in the world of politics or letters. The society met at regular intervals, but Alfred did not take much part in the debates, preferring to sit silent and listen to what was said. All his friends had unbounded admiration for his poetry and unlimited faith in his poetic powers. This faith was strengthened by the award of the University Prize for English Verse to Alfred in June, 1829. He did not wish to compete, but on being pressed, polished up an old poem he had written some years ago, and presented it for competition, the subject being *Timbuctoo*. The poem was in blank verse, and showed considerable power; in fact it was a remarkable poem for one so young.

Perhaps the most powerful influence on the life of Tennyson was the friendship he formed while at Cambridge with Arthur Henry Hallam, the son of the historian, Henry Hallam. The two became inseparable friends, a friendship strengthened by the engagement of Hallam to the poet's sister. The two friends agreed to publish a volume of poems as a joint-production, but Henry Hallam, the elder, did not encourage the project and it was dropped. The result was that in 1830, *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*, was published with the name of Alfred Tennyson alone on the title page. The volume was reviewed enthusiastically by Hallam, but was more or less slated by Christopher North in the columns of *Blackwood's Magazine*. Tennyson was very angry about the latter review, and replied to the reviewer in some caustic, but entirely unnecessary, verses.

In the same year Hallam and Tennyson made an expedition into Spain to carry aid to the rebel leader against the King of Spain. The expedition was not by any means a success. In 1831 Tennyson left Cambridge, without taking his degree, and shortly

after his return home his father died. The family, however, did not remove from Somersby, but remained there until 1837. Late in 1832 appeared another volume entitled *Poems by Alfred Tennyson*. This drew upon the unfortunate author a bitterly sarcastic article in the *Quarterly*, probably written by its brilliant editor, John Gibson Lockhart. The result of this article was that Tennyson was silent for ten years, a period spent in ridding himself of the weaknesses so brutally pointed out by the reviewer.

In 1833, Arthur Henry Hallam died, and for a time the light of life seemed to have gone out for Alfred Tennyson. The effect of the death of Hallam upon the poet was extraordinary. It seemed to have changed the whole current of his life; indeed he is said under the strain of the awful suddenness and unexpectedness of the event to have contemplated suicide. But saner thoughts intervened, and he again took up the burden of life, with the determination to do what he could in helping others. From this time of storm and stress came *In Memoriam*.

From 1832 to 1842 Tennyson spent a roving life. Now at home, now in London, now with his friends in various parts of England. He was spending his time in finishing his poems, so that when he again came before the world with a volume, he would be a master. The circle of his friends was widening and now included the greater number of the master-minds of England. He was poor, so poor in fact that he was reduced to the necessity of borrowing the books he wished to read from his friends. But during all this time he never wavered in his allegiance to poetry; he had determined to be a poet, and to devote his life to poetry. At last in 1842 he published his *Poems* in two volumes, and the world was conquered. From this time onward he was recognised as the leading poet of his century.

In 1845, Tennyson, poor still, was granted a pension of £200, chiefly through the influence of his friend Richard Monckton Milnes, and Thomas Carlyle. There was a great deal of criticism regarding this pension from sources that should have been favourable, but the general verdict approved the grant. In 1847 appeared *The Princess*, a poem, which, at that time, did not materially add to his fame, but the poet was now hailed as one of the great ones of his time, and much was expected of him.

In 1850 three most important events in the life of Tennyson happened. He published *In Memoriam*, in memory of his friend, Arthur Henry Hallam; he was appointed Poet Laureate, in succession to Wordsworth; and he married Emily Selwood, a lady to whom he had been engaged for seventeen years, but whom his poverty had prevented him from leading to the altar. From this time onward the life of the poet flowed smoothly. He was happily married, his fame was established, his books brought him a sufficient income on which to live comfortably and well. From this point there is little to relate in his career, except the publication of his various volumes.

After his marriage, Tennyson lived for some time at Twickenham, where in 1852 Hallam Tennyson was born. In 1851 he and his wife visited Italy, a visit commemorated in *The Daisy*. In 1853 they removed to Farringford, at Freshwater in the Isle of Wight, a residence subsequently purchased with the proceeds of *Maud*, published in 1855. The poem had a somewhat mixed reception, being received in some quarters with unstinted abuse, and in others with the warmest praise. In the year that *Maud* was published Tennyson received the honorary degree of D.C.L., from Oxford. In 1859 was published the first four of the *Idylls of the King*, followed in 1864 by *Enoch Arden, and Other Poems*. In 1865 his mother died. In 1869 he purchased

Aldworth, an almost inaccessible residence in Surrey, near London, in order to escape the annoyance of summer visitors to the Isle of Wight, who insisted on invading his privacy, which, perhaps, more than any other, he especially valued.

From 1870 to 1880 Tennyson was engaged principally on his dramas — *Queen Mary*, *Harold* and *Becket*,—but, with the exception of the last, these did not prove particularly successful on the stage. In 1880 *Ballads and Poems* was published, an astonishing volume from one so advanced in years. In 1882 the *Promise of May* was produced in public, but was soon withdrawn. In 1884 Tennyson was raised to the peerage as Baron Tennyson of Aldworth and Farringford, after having on two previous occasions refused a baronetcy. In 1885, *Tiresias and other Poems* was published. In this volume was published *Balin and Balan*, thus completing the *Idylls of the King*, which now assumed their permanent order and form. *Demeter and Other Poems* followed in 1889, including *Crossing the Bar*. In 1892, on October 6th, the poet died at Aldworth, “in the moonlight upon his bed and an open Shakespeare by his side.” A few days later he was buried in Westminster Abbey, by the side of Robert Browning, his friend and contemporary, who had preceded him by only a few years.

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TENNYSON

ENOCH ARDEN

LONG lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm;
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands;
Beyond, red roofs¹ about a narrow wharf
In cluster; then a moulder'd church; and higher
A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill;
And high in heaven behind it a gray down
With Danish barrows²; and a hazelwood,
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

Here on this beach a hundred years ago,
Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,
The prettiest little damsel in the port,
And Philip Ray the miller's only son,
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, play'd
Among the waste and lumb³ of the shore,
Hard coils of cordage, swarthy³ fishing-nets,
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn;
And built their castles of dissolving sand
To watch them overflow'd, or following up
And flying the white breaker, daily left
The little footprint daily wash'd away.

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¹ Red roofs — Roofs made of red tiles.

² Danish barrows — Burial mounds supposed to date from the Danish conquest of England.

³ Swarthy — Black from exposure to the weather.

A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff:
 In this the children play'd at keeping house.
 Enoch was host one day, Philip the next,
 While Annie still was mistress; but at times
 Enoch would hold possession for a week:
 "This is my house and this my little wife."
 "Mine too," said Philip, "turn and turn about:"
 When, if they quarrell'd, Enoch stronger made,
 Was master: then would Philip, his blue eyes
 All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,
 Shriek out, "I hate you, Enoch," and at this
 The little wife would weep for company,
 And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,
 And say she would be little wife¹ to both.

But when the dawn of rosy childhood past,
 And the new warmth of life's ascending sun²
 Was felt by either, either fixt his heart
 On that one girl; and Enoch spoke his love,
 But Philip loved in silence; and the girl
 Seem'd kinder unt. Philip than to him;
 But she loved Enoch; tho' she knew it not,
 And would if ask'd deny it. Enoch set
 A purpose evermore before his eyes,
 To hoard all savings to the uttermost,
 To purchase his own boat, and make a home
 For Annie: and so prosper'd that at last
 A luckier or a bolder fisherman,
 A carefuller in peril, did not breathe
 For leagues along that breaker-beaten coast
 Than Enoch. Likewise had he served a year
 On board a merchantman, and made himself

¹ Little wife — Note the unconscious prophecy here. See also lines 193, 212 and 213.

² Ascending sun — The warmth of passion of maturer years.

Full sailor¹; and he thrice had pluck'd a life
 From the dread sweep of the down-streaming seas:²⁵
 And all men look'd upon him favourably:
 And ere he touch'd his one-and-twentieth May
 He purchased his own boat, and made a home
 For Annie, neat and nestlike, halfway up
 The narrow street that clamber'd toward the mill.³⁰

Then, on a golden autumn eventide,
 The younger people making holiday.
 With bag and sack and basket, great and small,³⁵
 Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stay'd
 (His father lying sick and reeding him)⁴⁰
 An hour behind; but as he climb'd the hill,
 Just where the prone edge of the wood began
 To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair.
 Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-hand.
 His large gray eyes and weather-beaten face
 All kindled by a still and sacred fire,⁴⁵
 That burn'd as on an altar. Philip look'd.
 And in their eyes and faces read his doom;
 Then, as their faces drew together, groan'd,
 And slipt aside, and like a wounded life
 Crept down into the hollows of the wood;⁵⁵
 There, while the rest were loud in merrymaking,
 Had his dark hour unseen, and rose³ and past
 Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.

So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,⁶⁰
 And merrily ran the years, seven happy years.
 Seven happy years of health and competence,
 And mutual love and honourable toil;

¹ Full sailor — Able-bodied seaman.

² Great and small — Refers to "people" in line 62.

³ Rose — Note the suggestion in this word. Compare lines 774-94.

With children; first a daughter. In him woke,
 With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish
 To save all earnings to the uttermost,
 And give his child a better bringing-up
 Than his had been, or hers; a wish renew'd,
 When two years after came a boy to be
 The rosy idol of her solitudes,
 While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,
 Or often journeying landward; for in truth
 Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's ocean-spoil
 In ocean-smelling osier,¹ and his face,
 Rough-redden'd with a thousand winter gales,
 Not only to the market-cross² were known,
 But in the leafy lanes behind the down,
 Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp,³
 And peacock-yewtree⁴ of the lonely Hall,
 Whose Friday fare⁵ was Enoch's ministering.

Then came a change, as all things human change.
 Ten miles to northward of the narrow port
 Open'd a larger haven: thither used
 Enoch at times to go by land or sea;
 And once when there, and clambering on a mast
 In harbour, by mischance he slipt and fell:
 A limb was broken when they lifted him;
 And while he lay recovering there, his wife
 Bore him another son, a sickly one:
 Another hand crept too across his trade

¹ **Osier** — Willow baskets smelling of the sea.

² **Market-cross** — It was customary in England in the old days to erect a stone cross in the centre of the village market-place.

³ **Lion-whelp** — The carved figure of a lion placed above the doorway and apparently guarding the place.

⁴ **Peacock-yewtree** — A yewtree trimmed into the form of a peacock.

⁵ **Friday fare** — The food for Friday — a fast-day of the Church — was provided by Enoch.

Taking her bread and theirs: and on him fell,
 Altho' a grave and staid God-fearing man,
 Yet lying t! inactive, doubt and gloom.
 He seem'd, as in a nightmare of the night,
 To see his children leading evermore
 Low miserable lives of hand-to-mouth,
 And her, he loved, a beggar: then he pray'd
 "Save them from this, whatever comes to me."
 And while he pray'd, the master of that ship
 Enoch had served in, hearing his mischance,
 Came, for he knew the man and valued him,
 Reporting of his vessel China-bound,
 And wanting yet a boatswain. Would he go?
 There yet were many weeks before she sail'd.
 Sail'd from this port. Would Enoch have the place? ¹²⁵
 And Enoch all at once assented to it,
 Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

So now that shadow of mischance appear'd
 No graver than as when some little cloud
 Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun,
 And isles a light ¹ in the offing: yet the wife —
 When he was gone — the children — what to do?
 Then Enoch lay long-pondering on his plans:
 To sell the boat — and yet he loved her well —
 How many a rough sea had he weather'd in her!
 He knew her, as a horseman knows his horse —
 And yet to sell her — then with what she brought
 Buy goods and stores — set Annie forth in trade
 With all that seamen needed or their wives —
 So might she keep the house while he was gone.
 Should he not trade himself out yonder? go
 This voyage more than once? yea twice or thrice —
 As oft as needed — last, returning rich.

¹ Isles a light — "The cloud on the horizon seems like an island with the light upon it." — Rolfe.

Become the master of a larger craft,
With fuller profits lead an easier life,
Have all his pretty young ones educated,
And pass his days in peace among his own.

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Thus Enoch in his heart determined all:
Then moving homeward came on Annie pale,
Nursing the sickly babe, her latest-born.
Forward she started with a happy cry,
And laid the feeble infant in his arms;
Whom Enoch took, and handled all his limbs,
Appraised his weight and fondled fatherlike,
But had no heart to break his purposes
To Annie, till the morrow, when he spoke.

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Then first since Enoch's golden ring had girt
Her finger, Annie fought against his will:
Yet not with brawling opposition she,
But manifold entreaties, many a tear,
Many a sad kiss by day by night renew'd
(Sure that all evil would come out of it)
Besought him, supplicating, if he cared
For her or his dear children, not to go.
He not for his own self caring but her.
Her and her children, let her plead in vain:
So grieving held his will, and bore it thro'.

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For Enoch parted with his old sea-friend,
Bought Annie goods and stores, and set his hand
To fit their little streetward sitting-room
With shelf and corner for the goods and stores.
So all day long till Enoch's last at home,
Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and axe,
Auger and saw, while Annie seem'd to hear
Her own death-scaffold raising, shrill'd and rang,
Till this was ended, and his careful hand,—
The space was narrow,— having order'd all

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Almost as neat and close as Nature packs
 Her blossom or her seedling, paused; and he,
 Who needs would work for Annie to the last,
 Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn.

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And Enoch faced this morning of farewell
 Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears,
 Save, as his Annie's, were a laughter to him.
 Yet Enoch as a brave God-fearing man
 Bow'd himself down, and in that mystery
 Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God,
 Pray'd for a blessing on his wife and babes,
 Whatever came to him: and then he said
 "Annie, this voyage by the grace of God
 Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.
 Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me,
 For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it."
 Then lightly rocking baby's cradle "and he,
 This pretty, puny, weakly little one,—
 Nay¹ — for I love him all the better for it —
 God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees
 And I will tell him tales of foreign parts.
 And make him merry, when I come home again.
 Come, Annie, come, cheer up before I go."

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Him running on thus hopefully she heard,
 And almost hoped herself; but when he turn'd
 The current of his talk to graver things
 In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing
 On providence and trust in Heaven, she heard,
 Heard and not heard him; as the village girl,²
 Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,
 Musing on him that used to fill it for her,
 Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow.

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¹ **Nay** — A reproachful look from Annie is implied.

² **Village girl** — Tennyson spoke of this simile as one of the tenderest he had ever written.

At length he spoke, "O Enoch, you are wise; 210
 And yet for all your wisdom well know I
 That I shall look upon your face no more."

"Well then," said Enoch, "I shall look on yours.
 Annie, the ship I sail in passes here
 (He named the day) get you a seaman's plass, 215
 Spy out my face, and laugh at all your fears."

But when the last of those last moments came,
 "Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,
 Look to the babes, and till I come again
 Keep everything shipshape, for I must go. 220
 And fear no more for me; or if you fear
 Cast all your cares on God; ¹ that anchor holds.
 Is He not yonder in those uttermost
 Parts of the morning? if I flee to these
 Can I go from Him? and the sea is His,
 The sea is His: He made it." 225

Enoch rose,
 Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife,
 And kiss'd his wonder-stricken little ones;
 But for the third, the sickly one, who slept
 After a night of feverous wakefulness,
 When Annie would have raised him Enoch said, 230
 "Wake him not; let him sleep; how should the child
 Remember this?" and kiss'd him in his cot.
 But Annie from her baby's forehead clipt
 A tiny curl, and gave it: this he kept
 Thro' all his future; but now hastily caught 235
 His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way.

She, when the day, that Enoch mention'd, came,
 Borrow'd a glass, but all in vain: perhaps

¹ Cast all your cares, etc.—This passage is made up almost entirely of scriptural phrases.

She could not fix the glass to suit her eye;
Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremulous;
She saw him not: and while he stood on deck
Waving, the moment and the vessel past.

Ev'n to the last dip of the vanishing sail
She watch'd it, and departed weeping for him;
Then, tho' she mourn'd his absence as his grave,
Set her sad will no less to chime with his,¹
But threw not in her trade, not being bred
To barter, nor compensating the want
By shrewdness, neither capable of lies,
Nor asking overmuch and taking less,
And still foreboding "what would Enoch say?"
For more than once, in days of difficulty
And pressure, had she sold her wares for less
Than what she gave in buying what she sold:
She fail'd and sadden'd knowing it; and thus,
Expectant of that news which never came,
Gain'd for her own a scanty sustenance,
And lived a life of silent melancholy.

Now the third child was sickly-born and grew
Yet sicklier, tho' the mother cared for it
With all a mother's care: nevertheless,
Whether her business often call'd her from it,
Or thro' the want of what it needed most,
Or means to pay the voice who best could tell²
What most it needed — howso'er it was.
After a lingering,— ere she was aware,—
Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,
The little innocent soul flitted away.

In that same week when Annie buried it,
Philip's true heart, which hungered for her peace

¹ Chime with his — Did her best to carry out Enoch's wishes.

² Who best could tell — A physician.

(Since Enoch left he had not look'd upon her),
 Smote him, as having kept aloof so long.
 "Surely," said Philip, "I may see her now,
 May be some little comfort;" therefore went,
 Past thro' the solitary room in front,
 Paused for a moment at an inner door,
 Then struck it thrice, and, no one opening,
 Enter'd; but Annie, seated with her grief,
 Fresh from the burial of her little one,
 Cared not to look on any human face,
 But turn'd her own tow'rd the wall and wept.
 Then Philip standing up said falteringly,
 "Annie, I came to ask a favour of you."

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He spoke; the passion in her moan'd reply,
 "Favour from one so sad and so forlorn
 As I am!" half abash'd him; yet unask'd,
 His bashfulness and tenderness at war,
 He set himself beside her, saying to her:

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"I came to speak to you of what he wish'd,
 Enoch, your husband: I have ever said
 You chose the best among us—a strong man:
 For where he fixt his heart he set his hand
 To do the thing he will'd, and bore it thro'.
 And wherefore did he go this weary way,
 And leave you lonely? not to see the world—
 For pleasure?—nay, but for the wherewithal
 To give his babes a better bringing-up
 Than his had been, or yours: that was his wish.
 And if he come again, vext will he be
 To find the precious morning hours were lost.
 And it would vex him even in his grave,
 If he could know his babes were running wild
 Like colts about the waste. So, Annie, now—
 Have we not known each other all our lives?
 I do beseech you by the love you bear

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ENOCH ARDEN

II

Him and his children not to say me nay—
For, if you will, when Enoch comes again
Why then he shall repay me—if you will,
Annie—for I am rich and well-to-do.
Now let me put the boy and girl to school:
This is the favour that I came to ask.”

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Then Annie with her brows against the wall
Answer'd, “I cannot look you in the face;
I seem so fooli ¹ and so broken down.
When you came in my sorrow broke me down;
And now I think your kindness breaks me down;
But Enoch lives; that is borne in on me:
He will repay you: money can be repaid;
Not kindness such as yours.”

215

And Philip ask'd,
“Then you will let me, Annie?”

220

There she turn'd,
She rose, and fixt her swimming eyes upon him,
And dwelt a moment on his kindly face,
Then calling down a blessing on his head
Caught at his hand, and wrung it passionately,
And past into the little garth ¹ beyond.
So, lifted up in spirit, he moved away.

225

Then Philip put the boy and girl to school,
And bought them needful books, and everyway,
Like one who does his duty by his own,
Made himself theirs; and tho' for Annie's sake,
Fearing the lazy gossip of the port,
He oft denied his heart his dearest wish,
And seldom crost her threshold, yet he sent
Gifts by the children, garden-herbs and fruit,
The late and early roses from his wall,

230

235

¹ Garth—Garden.

Or conies¹ from the down, and now and then,
 With some pretext of fineness in the meal,
 To save the offence of charitable, flour
 From his tall mill that whistled on the waste.

240

But Philip did not fathom Annie's mind:
 Scarce could the woman when he came upon her,
 Out of full heart and boundless gratitude
 Light on a broken word to thank him with.
 But Philip was her children's all-in-all;
 From distant corners of the street they ran
 To greet his hearty welcome heartily;
 Lords of his house and of his mill were they;
 Worried his passive ear with petty wrongs
 Or pleasures, hung upon him, play'd with him
 And call'd him Father Philip. Philip gain'd
 As Enoch lost; for Enoch seem'd to them
 Uncertain as a vision or a dream,
 Faint as a figure seen in early dawn
 Down at the far end of an avenue,
 Going we know not where: and so ten years,
 Since Enoch left his hearth and native land,
 Fle'd forward, and no news of Enoch came.

345

350

355

It chanced one evening Annie's children long'd
 To go with others, nutting to the wood,
 And Annie would go with them; then they begg'd
 For Father Philip (as they call'd him) too:
 Him, like the working bee in blossom-dust,
 Blanch'd with his mill, they found; and saying to him,
 "Come with us Father Philip," he denied;
 But when the children pluck'd at him to go,
 He laugh'd, and yielded readily to 'heir wish,
 For was not Annie with them? and they went.

360

365

¹ Conies — Rabbits.

But after scaling half the weary down,
 Just where the prone edge¹ of the wood began
 To feather toward the hollow, all her force
 Fail'd her; and sighing, "let me rest" she said:
 So Philip rested with her well-content;
 While all the younger ones with jubilant cries
 Broke from their elders, and tumultuously
 Down thro' the whitening hazels made a plunge
 To the bottom, and dispersed, and bent or broke
 The lithe reluctant boughs to tear away
 Their tawny clusters, crying to each other
 And calling, here and there, about the wood.

370

375

380

But Philip sitting at her side forgot
 Her presence, and remember'd one dark hour²
 Here in this wood, when like a wounded life
 He crept into the shadow: at last he said,
 Lifting his honest forehead, "Listen, Annie,
 "How merry they are down yonder in the wood."
 "Tired, Annie?" for she did not speak a word.
 "Tired?" but her face had fall'n upon her hands;
 At which, as with a kind of anger in him,
 "The ship was lost," he said, "the ship was lost!"
 No more of that! why should you kill yourself
 And make them orphans quite?" And Annie said
 "I thought not of it: but — I know not why —
 Their voices make me feel so solitary."

390

Then Philip coming somewhat closer spoke.
 "Annie, there is a thing 'pon my mind,
 And it has been upon my mind so long,
 That tho' I know not when it first came there,
 I know that it will out at last. O Annie,
 It is beyond all hope, against all chance.

395

¹ Prone edge — See lines 67 and 68.

² Dark hour — See line 78.

That he who left you ten long years ago
 Should still be living; well then — let me speak:
 I grieve to see you poor and wanting help:
 I cannot help you as I wish to do
 Unless — they say that women are so quick — 405
 Perhaps you know what I would have you know —
 I wish you for my wife. I fain would prove
 A father to your children: I do think
 They love me as a father: I am sure
 That I love them as if they were mine own;
 And I believe, if you were fast my wife,
 That after all these sad uncertain years,
 We might be still as happy as God grants
 To any of His creatures. Think upon it:
 For I am well-to-do — no kin, no care,
 No burthen, save my care for you and yours:
 And we have known each other all our lives,
 And I have loved you longer than you know." 410

Then answer'd Annie; tenderly she spoke:
 " You have been as God's good angel in our house.
 God bless you for it, God reward you for it,
 Philip, with something happier than myself.
 Can one love twice? can you be ever loved
 As Enoch was? what is that you ask?" 415
 " I am content," he answer'd, " to be loved
 A little after Enoch." " O," she cried,
 Scared as it were, " dear Philip, wait a while:
 If Enoch comes — but Enoch will not come —
 Yet wait a year, a year is not so long:
 Surely I shall be wiser in a year:
 O wait a little!" Philip sadly said,
 " Annie, as I have waited all my life
 I well may wait a little." " Nay," she cried,
 " I am bound: you have my promise — in a year:
 Will you not bide your year as I bide mine?" 420
 And Philip answer'd, " I will bide my year." 425

Here both were mute, till Philip glancing up
 Beheld the dead flame of the fallen day
 Pass from the Danish barrow over! ad; 405
 Then fearing night and chill for Annie, rose
 And sent his voice beneath him thro' the wood.
 Up came the children laden with their spoil;
 Then all descended to the port, and there
 At Annie's door he paused and gave his hand,
 Saying gently, "Annie, when I spoke to you, 415
 That was your hour of weakness. I was wrong.
 I am always bound to you, but you are free."
 Then Annie, weeping, answered, "I am bound."

She spoke; and in one moment as it were,
 While yet she went about her household ways, 425
 Ev'n as she dwelt upon his latest words,
 That he had loved her longer than she knew,
 That autumn into autumn flash'd again,
 And there he stood once more before her face,
 Claiming her promise. "Is it a year?" she ask'd. 435
 "Yes, if the nuts," he said, "be ripe again:
 Come out and see." But she — she put him off —
 So much to look to — such a change — a month —
 Give her a month — she knew that she was bound —
 A month — no more. Then Philip with his eyes 445
 Full of that lifelong hunger, and his voice
 Shaking a little like a drunkard's hand,
 "Take your own time, Annie, take your own time."
 And Annie could have wept for pity of him;
 And yet she held him on delayingly 455
 With many a scarce-believable excuse,
 Trying his truth and his long-sufferance,
 Till half-another year had slipt away.

By this the lazy gossips of the port.
 Abhorrent of a calculation crost,¹ 470

¹ Calculation crost — They expected that Annie before this would have married Philip.

Began to chafe as at a personal wrong.
 Some thought that Philip did but trifle with her;
 Some that she but held off to draw him on;
 And others laugh'd at her and Philip too,
 As simple folk that knew not their own minds; 475
 And one, in whom all evil fancies clung
 Like serpent eggs¹ together, laughingly
 Would hint at worse in either. Her own son
 Was silent, tho' he often look'd his wish;
 But evermore the daughter prest upon her 480
 To wed the man so dear to all of them
 And lift the household out of poverty;
 And Philip's rosy face contracting grew
 Careworn and wan; and all these things fell on her
 Sharp as reproach.

At last one night it chanced 485
 That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly
 Pray'd for a sign, "my Enoch is he gone?"
 Then compass'd round by the blind wall of night
 Brook'd not² the expectant terror of her heart,
 Started from bed, and struck herself a light, 490
 Then desperately seized the holy Book,
 Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,
 Suddenly put her finger on the text,
 "Under the palm tree."³ That was nothing to her:
 No meaning there: she closed the Book and slept: 495
 When lo! her Enoch sitting on a height,
 Under a palm tree, over him the Sun:
 "He is gone," she thought, "he is happy, he is singing

¹ Serpent eggs — "The eggs of serpents are deposited in numbers holding together by a viscous substance which covers them." — Brown.

² Brook'd not — Could not bear the terror she felt in waiting for an answer to her prayer.

³ The palm tree — "And she dwelt under the palm tree of Deborah." — Judges iv, 5.

'Hosanna in the highest': yonder shines
 The Sun of Righteousness,¹ and these be palms 600
 Whereof the happy people strowing cried,
 'Hosanna in the highest!'" Here she woke,
 Resolved, sent for him and said wildly to him,
 "There is no reason why we should not wed."
 "Then for God's sake," he answer'd, "both our sakes,²"
 So you will wed me, let it be at once."

450 So these were wed² and merrily rang the bells,
 Merrily rang the bells and they were wed.
 But never merrily beat Annie's heart.
 A footstep seem'd to fall beside her path,
 She knew not whence; a whisper on her ear,
 She knew not what; nor loved she to be left
 Alone at home, nor ventured out alone.
 What ail'd her then, that ere she enter'd, often
 Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch, 515
 Fearing to enter: Philip thought he knew:
 Such doubts and fears were common to her state,
 Being with child: but when her child was born,
 Then her new child was as herself renew'd,
 Then the new mother came about her heart, 620
 Then her good Philip was her all-in-all,
 And that mysterious instinct wholly died.

495 And where was Enoch? prosperously sail'd
 The ship "Good Fortune," tho' at setting forth
 The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward, shook
 And almost overwhelm'd her, yet unvext
 She slipt across the summer of the world;³
 Then after a long tumble about the Cape
 And frequent interchange of foul and fair,

¹ Sun of Righteousness — *Malachi iv, 2.*

² So these were wed — See line 611.

³ Summer of the world — The tropics.

She passing thro' the summer world again,
The breath of heaven came continually
And sent her sweetly by the golden isles,¹
Till silent in her oriental haven.

There Enoch traded for himself, and bought
Quaint monsters for the market of those times,
A gilded dragon, also, for the babes.

Less lucky her home-voyage: at first indeed
Thro' many a fair sea-circle,² day by day,
Scarce-rocking, her full-busted figure-head
Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows:
Then follow'd calms, and then winds variable,
Then baffling, a long course of them; and last
Storm, such as drove her under moonless heavens
Till hard upon the cry of "breakers" came
The crash of ruin, and the loss of all
But Enoch and two others. Half the night,
Buoy'd upon floating tackle and broken spars,
These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn,
Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea.

No want was there of human sustenance;
Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourishing roots;
Nor save for pity was it hard to take
The helpless life so wild that it was tame.
There in a seaward-gazing mountain-gorge
They built, and thatch'd with leaves of palm, a hut,³
Half hut, half native cavern. So the three,
Set in this Eden of all plenteousness,
Dwelt with eter¹ summer, ill-content.

For one, the youngest, hardly more than boy,
Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and wreck,

¹ Golden isles — The islands of the East Indi^c.

² Sea-circle — The circle of vision bounded by the horizon.

Lay lingering out a five-years' death-in-life.
 They could not leave him. After he was gone,
 The two remaining found a fallen stem;
 And Enoch's comrade, careless of himself,
 Fire-hollowing¹ this in Indian fashion, fell
 Sun-stricken, and that other lived alone.
 In those two deaths he read God's warning, "wait."

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
 And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,
 The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
 The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
 The lustre of the long convolvulus
 That coil'd around the stately stems, and ran
 Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
 And glories of the broad belt² of the world,
 All these he saw; but what he fain had seen
 He could not see, the kindly human face,
 Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
 The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
 The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
 The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd
 And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep
 Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
 As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
 Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
 A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail:
 No sail from day to day, but every day
 The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
 Among the palms and ferns and precipices;
 The blaze upon the waters to the east;
 The blaze upon his island overhead;
 The blaze upon the waters to the west;

¹ **Fire-hollowing** — Hollowing out the centre with fire in default of other tool.

² **Broad belt** — The torrid zone.

Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,
The hollower-bellowing¹ ocean, and ag._{in}
The scarlet shafts of sunrise — but no sail. 605

There often as he watch'd or seem'd to watch,
So still, the golden lizard² on him paused,
A phantom made of many phantoms moved
Before him haunting him, or he himself
Moved haunting people, things and places, known 600
Far in a darker isle beyond the line;
The babes, their babble, Annie, the small house,
The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes,
The peacock-yewtree and the lonely Hall,
The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill 605
November dawns and dewy-glooming³ downs,
The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,
And the low moan of leaden-color'd seas.

Once likewise, in the ringing of his ears,
Tho' faintly, merrily — far and far away — 610
He heard the pealing of his parish bells;
Then, tho' he knew not wherefore, started up
Shuddering, and when the beauteous hateful isle
Return'd upon him, had not his poor heart
Spoken with That, which being everywhere 615
Lets none, who speaks with Him, seem all alone,
Surely the man had died of solitude.

Thus over Enoch's early-silvering head
The sunny and rainy seasons came and went
Year after year. His hopes to see his own, 620
And pace the sacred old familiar fields.

¹ Hollower-bellowing — Sounding deeper in the silence of the night.

² Golden lizard — A very timid and shy animal.

³ Dewy-glooming — Darker in the dew of the early morning.

Not yet had perish'd, when his lonely doom
 Came suddenly to an end. Another ship
 (She wanted water) blown by baffling winds,
 Like the "Good Fortune," from her destined course,⁶²⁵
 Stay'd by this isle, not knowing where she lay:
 For since the mate had seen at early dawn
 Across a break on the mist-wreathen isle
 The silent water slipping from the hills,
 They sent a crew that landing burst away
 In search of stream or fount, and fill'd the shores
 With clamour. Downward from his mountain gorge
 Stept the long-hair'd, long-bearded solitary,⁶³⁰
 Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,
 Muttering and mumbling, idiot-like it seem'd,
 With inarticulate rage,¹ and making signs
 They knew not what: and yet he led the way
 To where the rivulets of sweet water² ran;
 And ever as he mingled with the crew.
 And heard them talking, his long-bounden tongue
 Was loosen'd till he made them understand;⁶⁴⁰
 Whom, when their casks were fill'd they took aboard:
 And there the tale he utter'd brokenly
 Scarce credited at first but more and more,
 Amazed and melted all who listen'd to it:⁶⁴⁵
 And clothes they gave him and free passage home;
 But oft he work'd among the rest and shook
 His isolation from him. None of these
 Came from his county, or could answer him,
 If question'd, aught of what he cared to know.⁶⁵⁰
 And dull the voyage was with long delays,
 The vessel scarce sea-worthy; but evermore
 His fancy fled before the lazy wind
 Returning, till beneath a clouded moon

¹ Rage — Because he could not speak articulately.

² Sweet water — Fresh water, not salt.

He like a lover down thro' all his blood ⁶⁶⁵
 Drew in the dewy meadowy morning-breath
 Of England, blown across her ghostly wall²:
 And that same morning officers and men
 Levied a kindly tax upon themselves,
 Pitying the lonely man, and gave him it:
 Then moving up the coast they landed him,
 Ev'n in that harbour whence he sail'd before.

There Enoch spoke no word to anyone,
 But homeward—home—what home? had he a home?
 His home, he walk'd. Bright was that afternoon, ⁶⁶⁵
 Sunny but chill; till drawn thro' either chasm,
 Where either haven³ open'd on the deeps,
 Roll'd a sea-haze and whelm'd the world in gray;
 Cut off the length of highway on before,
 And left but narrow breadth to left and right ⁶⁷⁰
 Of wither'd holt or tilth⁴ or pasturage.
 On the nigh-naked tree the robin piped
 Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze
 The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down:
 Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom; ⁶⁷⁵
 Last, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted light
 Flared on him, and he came upon the place.

Then down the long street having slowly stolen,
 His heart foreshadowing all calamity,
 His eyes upon the stones, he reach'd the home ⁶⁸⁰
 Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes
 In those far-off seven happy years were born;
 But finding neither light nor murmur there

¹ All his blood — Through his whole system.

² Ghostly wall — The chalk cliffs of the southern coast.

³ Either haven — See line 103.

⁴ Holt or tilth — Woodland or plowed land.

(A bill of sale¹ gleam'd thro' the drizzle) crept
Still downward thinking, "dead or dead to me!"

Down to the pool² and saw what he went,
Seeking a tavern which of old he knew,
A front of timber-crost³ antiquity,
So propt, worm-eaten, ruinously old,
He thought it must have gone; but he was gone
Who kept it; and his widow, Miriam Lane,
With daily-dwindling profits held the house;
A haunt of brawling seamen once, but now
Stiller, with yet a bed for wandering men.
There Enoch rested silent many days.

But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous,
Nor let him be, but often breaking in,
Told him, with other annals of the port,
Not knowing—Enoch was so brown, so bow'd,
So broken—all the story of his house.
His baby's death, her growing poverty,
How Philip put her little ones to school,
And kept them in it, his long wooing her,
Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth
Of Philip's child: and o'er his countenance
No shadow past, nor motion: anyone,
Regarding well, had deem'd he felt the tale
Less than the teller; only when she closed,
"Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost,"
He, shaking his gray head pathetically,
Repeated muttering, "cast away and lost;"
Again in deeper inward whispers "lost!"

¹ Bill of sale — A notice that the house was for sale.

² Pool — Harbour.

³ Timber-crost — The front was formed of timbers placed crosswise, the spaces between being filled with plaster or bricks.

But Enoch yearned to see her face again;
 "If I might look on her sweet face again
 And know that she is happy." So the thought 715
 Haunted and harass'd him, and drove him forth,
 At evening when the dull November day
 Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.
 There he sat down gazing on all below;
 There did a thousand memories roll upon him, 720
 Unspeakable for sadness. By and by
 The ruddy square of comfortable light,
 Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,
 Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures
 The bird of passage, till he madly strikes 725
 Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,
 The latest house to landward; but behind,
 With one small gate that open'd on the waste,
 Flourish'd a little garden square and wall'd:
 And in it thrrove an ancient evergreen, 730
 A yewtree, and all round it ran a walk
 Of shingle,¹ and a walk divided it:
 But Enoch shunn'd the middle walk and stole
 Up by the wall, behind the yew; and thence 735
 That which he better might have shunn'd, if griefs
 Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnish'd board
 Sparkled and shone; so genial was the hearth:
 And on the right hand of the hearth he saw 740
 Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,
 Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees;
 And o'er her second father stoopt a girl,
 A later but a loftier Annie Lee,

¹ Shingle — Seashore gravel.

Fair-hair'd and tall, and from her lifted hand
 Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
 To tempt the babe, who rear'd his creasy arms,
 Caught at and ever miss'd it, and they laugh'd;
 And on the left hand of the hearth he saw
 The mother glancing often toward her babe, 745
 But turning now and then to speak with him,
 Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,
 And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

Now when the dead man come to life beheld
 His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe 755
 Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
 And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
 And his own children tall and beautiful,
 And him, that other, reigning in his place,
 Lord of his rights and of his children's love,— 760
 Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all,
Because things seen are mightier than things heard,
 Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and fear'd
 To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
 Which in one moment, like the blast of doom, 765
 Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He therefore turning softly like a thief,
 Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
 And feeling all along the garden wall,
 Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found, 770
 Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed,
 As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
 Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees
 Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug 775
 His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd.

"Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence?
 O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou
 That did'st uphold me on my lonely isle,
 Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
 A little longer! aid me, give me strength
 Not to tell her, never to let her know.
 Help me not to break in upon her peace.
 My children too! must I not speak to these?
 They know me not. I should betray myself.
 Never: no father's kiss for me—the girl
 So like her mother, and the boy, my son."

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There speech and thought and nature fail'd a little,
 And he lay tranced; but when he rose and paced
 Back toward his solitary home again,
 All down the long and narrow street he went
 Beating it in upon his weary brain,
 As tho' it were the burthen¹ of a song,
 "Not to tell her, never to let her know."

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He was not all unhappy. His resolve
 Up-bore him, and firm faith, and evermore
 Prayer from a living source within the will,
 And beating up thro' all the bitter world,
 Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
 Kept him a living soul. "This miller's wife,"
 He said to Miriam, "that you told me of,
 Has she no fear that her first husband lives?"
 "Ay, ay, poor soul," said Miriam, "fear enow²!
 If you could tell her you had seen him dead,
 Why, that would be her comfort;" and he thought
 "After the Lord has call'd me she shall know,
 I wait His time," and Enoch set himself,

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¹ Burthen — Refrain or chorus.

² Know — Enough.

Scorning an alms, to work whereby to live.
 Almost to all things could he turn his hand.
 Cooper he was and carpenter, and wrought
 To make the boatmen fishing-nets, or help'd
 At lading and unlading the tall barks,
 That brought the stinted commerce of those days;
 Thus earn'd a scanty living for himself:
 Yet since he did but labour for himself,
 Work without hope, there was not life in it
 Whereby the man could live; and as the year
 Roll'd itself round again to meet the day
 When Enoch had return'd, a languor came
 Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually
 Weakening the man, till he could do no more,
 But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed.
 And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully.
 For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck
 See thro' the gray skirts of a lifting squall
 The boat that bears the hope of life approach
 To save the life despair'd of, than he saw
 Death dawning on him, and the close of all.

For thro' that dawning gleamed a kindlier hope
 On Enoch thinking, "after I am gone,
 Ther may she learn I loved her to the last."
 He call'd aloud for Miriam Lane and said,
 "Woman, I have a secret—only swear,
 Before I tell you—swear upon the Boo'
 Not to reveal it, till you see me dead."
 "Dead," clamour'd the good woman, "hear him talk!
 I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round."
 "Swear," added Enoch sternly, "on the Book."
 And on the Book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.
 Then Enoch rolling his gray eyes upon her,
 "Did you know Enoch Arden of this town?"
 "Know him?" she said, "I knew him far away.
 Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the street:

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Held his head high, and cared for no man, he."

Slowly and sadly Enoch answer'd her;

"His head is low, and no man cares for him.

I think I have not three days more to live;

I am the man." At which the woman gave

A half-incredulous, half-hysterical cry.

"You Arden, you! nay,—sure he was a foot

Higher than you be." Enoch said again,

"My God has bow'd me down to what I am;

My grief and solitude have broken me;

Nevertheless, know you that I am he

Who married — but that name has twice been changed —

I married her who married Philip Ray.

Sit, listen." Then he told her of his voyage,

His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back,

His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,

And how he kept it. As the woman heard,

Fast flow'd the current of her easy tears,

While in her heart she yearn'd incessantly

To rush abroad all round the little haven,

Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes;

But awed and promise-bounden she forbore,

Saying only, "See your bairns before you go!

Eh, let me fetch 'em, Arden," and arose

Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung

A moment on her words, but then replied:

"Woman, disturb me not now at the last,
But let me hold my purpose till I die.

Sit down again; mark me and understand,

While I have power to speak. I charge you now,

When you shall see her, tell her that I died

Blessing her, praying for her, loving her;

Save for the bar between us, loving her

As when she laid her head beside my own.

And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw

So like her mother, that my latest breath
 Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.
 And tell my son that I died blessing him.
 And say to Philip that I blest him too;
 He never meant us any thing but good.
 But if my children care to see me dead,
 Who hardly knew me living, let them come,
 I am their father; but she must not come,
 For my dead face would vex her after-life.
 And now there is but one of all my blood,
 Who will embrace me in the world-to-be:
 This hair is his: she cut it off and gave it,
 And I have borne it with me all these years,
 And thought to bear it with me to my grave;
 But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,
 My babe in bliss: wherefore when I am gone,
 Take, give her this, for it may comfort her:
 It will moreover be a token to her,
 That I am he."

He ceased; and Miriam Lane
 Made such a voluble answer promising all,
 That once again he roll'd his eyes upon her
 Repeating all he wish'd, and once again
 She promised.

Then the third night after this,
 While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale,
 And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,
 There came so loud a calling of the sea,¹
 That all the houses in the haven rang.
 He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad
 Crying with a loud voice, "a sail! a sail!
 I am saved;" and so fell back and spoke no more.

¹ **A calling of the sea** — The sound of a ground swell, not of a storm as it is sometimes explained.

So past the strong heroic soul away.
And when they buried him the little port
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.¹

910

THE BROOK

"HERE, by this brook, we parted; I to the East
And he for Italy — too late — too late:
One whom the strong sons of the world despise;
For lucky rhymes to him were scrip and share,
And mellow metres more than cent for cent;
Nor could he understand how money breeds,²
Thought it a dead thing; yet himself could make
The thing that is not as the thing that is.³
O had he lived! In our schoolbooks we say,
Of those that held their heads above the crowd,
They flourish'd then or then; but life in him
Could scarce be said to flourish, only touch'd
On such a time as goes before the leaf,
When all the wood stands in a mist of green,
And nothing perfect: yet the brook he loved,
For which, in branding summers of Bengal,

5

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¹ Costlier funeral — Lord Tennyson says: "The costly funeral is all poor Annie could do for him after he was gone — entirely introduced for her sake, and, in my opinion, quite necessary to the perfection of the poem."

² Money breeds — By producing interest. Bacon says: "That it is against nature for money to beget money."

³ The thing that is —

"As imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name." — Shakespeare.

Or ev'n the sweet half-English Neilgherry¹ air
 I panted, seems, as I re-listen to it,
 Prattling the primrose fancies of the boy,
 To me that loved him; for 'O brook,' he says, 20
 'O babbling brook,' says Edmund in his rhyme,
 'Whence come you?' and the brook, why not? replies:

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
 I make a sudden sally,
 And sparkle out among the fern, 25
 To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
 Or slip between the ridges,
 By twenty thorps, a little town,
 And half a hundred bridges. 30

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

"Poor lad, he died at Florence, quite worn out,
 Travelling to Naples. There is Darnley bridge,
 It has more ivy; there the river; and there
 Stands Philip's farm where brook and river meet. 35

I chatter over stony ways,
 In little sharps and trebles,
 I bubble into eddying bays,
 I babble on the pebbles. 40

With many a curve my banks I fret
 By many a field and fallow,

¹ **Neilgherry** — The Neilgherry hills are a favourite summer resort in India.

And many a fairy foreland set¹
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever. 50

"But Philip chatter'd more than brook or bird;
Old Philip; all about the fields you caught
His weary daylong chirping, like the dry
High-elbow'd grigs² that leap in summer grass.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling, 55

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel, 60

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever. 65

"O darling Katie Willows, his one child!
A maiden of our century, yet most meek;
A daughter of our meadows, yet not coarse;
Straight, but as lissome as a hazel wand;
Her eyes a bashful azure, and her hair 70

¹ Fairy foreland — Miniature cape.

² Grigs — Grasshoppers.

In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
Divides threefold to show the fruit within.

"Sweet Katie, once I did her a good turn,
Her and her far-off cousin and betrothed,
James Willows, of one name and heart with her.
For here I came, twenty years back — the week
Before I parted with poor Edmund; crost
By that old bridge which, half in ruins then,
Still makes a hoary eyebrow for the gleam
Beyond it, where the waters marry — crost,
Whistling a random bar of 'Bonny Doon,'
And push'd at Philip's garden-gate. The gate,
Half-parted from a weak and scolding hinge,
Stuck; and he clamour'd from a casement, 'Run,'
To Katie somewhere in the walks below,
'Run, Katie!' Katie never ran: she moved
To meet me, winding under woodbine bowers,
A little flutter'd, with her eyelids down,
Fresh apple-blossom, blushing for a boon.

75

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"What was it? less of sentiment than sense
Had Katie; not illiterate; nor of those
Who dabbling in the fount of fictive tears,
And nursed by mealy-mouth'd philanthropies,
Divorce the Feeling from her mate the Deed.¹

"She told me. She and James had quarrell'd. Why?
What cause of quarrel? None, she said, no cause;
James had no cause: but when I prest the cause,

¹ Her mate the Lied — "The reference is to people who are fond of sentiment and shed tears of unreal sorrow over tales of suffering which they do not attempt to remedy, and who satisfy themselves with benevolent projects that end in specious talk. With such people, sentiment does not, as it ought, lead to action; they keep the two separate, indulging only in the former." — *Rowe and Webb*.

I learnt that James had flickering jealousies¹
 Which anger'd her. 'Who anger'd James?' I said. 100
 But Katie snatch'd her eyes at once from mine,
 And sketching with her slender pointed foot
 Some figure like a wizard pentagram²
 On garden gravel, let my query pass
 Unclaim'd, in flushing silence, till I ask'd
 If James were coming. 'Coming every day,' 105
 She answer'd, 'ever longing to explain,
 But evermore her father came across
 With some long-winded tale, and broke him short;
 And James departed vext with him and her.' 110
 How could I help her? 'Would I — was it wrong?'
 (Claspt hands and that petitionary grace
 Of sweet seventeen subdued me ere she spoke)
 'O would I take her father for one hour,
 For one half-hour, and let him talk to me!' 115
 And even while she spoke, I saw where James
 Made toward us, like a wader in the surf,
 Beyond the brook, waist-deep in meadow-sweet.

"O Katie, what I suffer'd for your sake!
 For in I went, and call'd old Philip out
 To show the farm: full willingly he rose:
 He led me thro' the short sweet-smelling lanes
 Of his wheat-suburb, babbling as he went.
 He praised his land, his horses, his machines;
 He praised his ploughs, his cows, his hogs, his dogs; 125
 He praised his hens, his geese, his guinea-hens;
 His pigeons, who in session on their roofs
 Approved him, bowing at their own deserts:
 Then from the plaintive mother's teat he took

¹ **Flickering jealousies** — The inference is that it was Lawrence who was responsible for the quarrel.

² **Wizard pentagram** — A five-pointed figure used in incantations.

Her blind and shuddering puppies, naming each, 120
 And naming those, his friends, for whom they were:
 Then crost the common into Darnley chase
 To show Sir Arthur's deer. In copse and fern
 Twinkled the innumerable ear and tail.
 Then, seated on a serpent-rooted beech, 125
 He pointed out a pasturing colt, and said:
 'That was the four-year-old I sold the squire.'
 And there he told a long long-winded tale
 Of how the squire had seen the colt at grass,
 And how it was the thing his daughter wish'd, 140
 And how he sent the bailiff to the farm
 To learn the price, and what the price he ask'd,
 And how the bailiff swore that he was mad,
 But he stood firm; and so the matter hung;
 He gave them line: and five days after that 145
 He met the bailiff at the Golden Fleece,¹
 Who then and there had offer'd something more.
 But he stood firm; and so the matter hung;
 He knew the man; the colt would fetch its price;
 He gave them line: and how by chance at last 150
 (It might be in April, he forgot,
 The last of April, or the first of May)
 He found the man standing by the farm,
 And, talking from the point, he drew him in,
 And there he mellow'd all his heart with ale. 155
 Until they closed a bargain, hand in hand.

"Then, while I breathed in sight of haven, he,
 Poor fellow, could he help it? recommenced,
 And ran thro' all the coltish chronicle,²
 Wild Will, Black Bess, Tantivy, Tallyho,
 Reform, White Rose, Bellerophon, the Jilt, 160
 Arbaces, and Phenomenon, and the rest,

¹ The Golden Fleece — The public house.

² Coltish chronicle — The pedigree of the colt.

Till, not to die a listener, I arose,
 And with me Philip, talking still; and so
 We turn'd our foreheads from the falling sun,
 And following our own shadows thrice as long
 As when they followed us from Philip's door,
 Arrived, and found the sun of sweet content
 Re-risen in Katie's eyes, and all things well.

165

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
 I slide by hazel covers;
 I move the sweet forget-me-nots
 That grow for happy lovers.

170

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
 Among my skimming swallows;
 I make the netted sunbeam¹ dance
 Against my sandy shallows.

175

I murmur under moon and stars
 In brambly wildernesses;
 I linger by my shingly bars;
 I loiter round my cresses;

180

And out again I curve and flow
 To join the brimming river,
 For men may come and men may go,
 But I go on forever.

185

Yes, men may come and go; and these are gone,
 All gone. My dearest brother, Edmund, sleeps,
 Not by the well-known stream and rustic spire,
 But unfamiliar Arno,² and the dome

¹ Netted sunbeam — The sunlight reflected like a net-work on the bottom of the brook.

² Arno — The river on which Florence is situated.

Of Brunelleschi;¹ sleeps in peace: and he,
 Poor Philip, of all his lavish waste of words
 Remains the lean P. W. on his tomb:
 I scraped the lichen from it: Katie walks
 By the long wash of Australasian seas
 Far off, and holds her head to other stars,
 And breathes in converse seasons.² All are gone.”

190

195

So Lawrence Aylmer, seated on a stile
 In the long hedge, and rolling in his mind
 Old waifs of rhyme, and bowing o'er the brook
 A tonsured head³ in middle age forlorn,
 Mused and was mute. On a sudden a low breath
 Of tender air made tremble in the hedge
 The fragile bindweed-bells and briony rings;
 And he look'd up. There stood a maiden rear,
 Waiting to pass. In much amaze he stared
 On eyes a bashful azure, and on hair
 In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell
 Divides threefold to show the fruit within:
 Then, wondering, ask'd her, “Are you from the farm?”
 “Yes,” answer'd she. “Pray stay a little: pardon me;²¹⁰
 What do they call you?” “Katie.” “That were
 strange.
 What surname?” “Willows.” “No!” “That is my
 name.”
 “Indeed!” and here he look'd so self-perplexed,
 That Katie laugh'd, and laughing blush'd, till he
 Laugh'd also, but as one before he wakes,
 Who feels a glimmering strangeness in his dream.
 Then looking at her; “Too happy, fresh and fair,

200

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¹ Dome of Brunelleschi — The magnificent dome over the Duomo or Cathedral in Florence was constructed by the famous artist Brunelleschi.

² Converse seasons — In 1890, this reading was changed to “April autumns.”

³ Tonsured head — Bald on the crown.

Too fresh and fair in our sad world's best bloom,
 To be the ghost of one who bore your name
 About these meadows, twenty years ago." 220

"Have you not heard?" said Katie, "we came back.
 We bought the farm we tenanted before.
 Am I so like her? so they said on board.
 Sir, if you knew her in her English days,
 My mother, as it seems you did, the days 225
 That most she loves to talk of, come with me.
 My brother James¹ is in the harvest-field:
 But she—you will be welcome—O, come in!"

THE LOTOS-EATERS

"COURAGE!" he said,² and pointed toward the land,
 "This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon." In the afternoon they came unto a land,
 In which it seemed always afternoon. All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
 Breathing like one that hath a weary dream. Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;
 And like a downward smoke, the slender stream Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke, 10
 Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
 And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,

¹ My brother James — "These words imply that her father is dead, otherwise she would have mentioned him. Lawrence is thus at liberty to woo and win the mother in her younger likeness." — Hallam, *Lord Tennyson*.

² He said — The speaker is Ulysses.

Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
 They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
 From the inner land: far off, three mountain-tops, 15
 Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
 Stood sunset-flush'd: and, dew'd with showery drops,
 Up-climb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charmed sunset ¹ lingered low adown
 In the red West: thro' mountain clefts the dale 20
 Was seen far inland, and the yellow down ²
 Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale
 And meadow, set with slender galingale;
 A land where all things always seem'd the same !
 And round about the keel with faces pale,
 Dark faces pale against that rosy flame, 25
 The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
 Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
 To each, but whoso did receive of them,
 And taste, to him the gushing of the wave 30
 Far far away did seem to mourn and rave
 On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,
 His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;
 And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake,
 And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
 Between the sun and moon upon the shore;
 And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
 Of child, and wife, and slave; but ever-more 35
 Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
 Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.

1 Charmed sunset — "Either because the whole land
 was under a spell, or else to indicate that the sunset lingered
 because the scene was so full of beauty." — Pelham Edgar

2 Yellow down — Covered with the lotos flower.

TENNYSON

Byron with
wives in 50 feet
a river 6 feet in depth
having a fine
line.

Then some one said, "We will return no more;"
And all at once they sang, "Our island home¹
Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam." X 45

CHORIC SONG

I

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies, 50
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful
skies.

Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep, 55
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

II

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?
All things have rest: why should we toil alone, 60
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown:
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings, 65
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;
Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,
"There is no joy but calm!"
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?

¹ Our island home — Ithaca, an island on the west coast of Greece, over which Ulysses ruled as king.

III

X
 Lo! in the middle of the wood,
 The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud
 With winds upon the branch, and there
 Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
 Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon
 Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow
 Falls, and floats adown the air.
 Lo! sweeten'd with the summer light,
 The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
 Drops in a silent autumn night.
 All its allotted length of days,
 The flower ripens in its place,
 Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
 Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

memorize

X

IV

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
 Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.
 Death is the end of life; ah, why
 Should life all labour be?
 Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
 And in a little while our lips are dumb.
 Let us alone. What is it that will last?
 All things are taken from us, and become
 Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
 Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
 To war with evil? Is there any peace
 In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
 All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
 In silence; ripen, fall and cease:
 Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful
 ease.

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V

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
 With half-shut eyes ever to seem
 Falling asleep in a half-dream!
 To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
 Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height;
 To hear each other's whisper'd speech;
 Eating the Lotos day by day,
 To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
 And tender curving lines of creamy spray;
 To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
 To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
 To muse and brood and live again in memory,
 With those old faces of our infancy
 Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
 Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!

180

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VI

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
 And dear the last embraces of our wives
 And their warm tears: but all hath suffer'd change:
 For surely now our household hearths are cold:
 Our sons inherit us: our looks are strange:
 And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
 Or else the island princes¹ over-bold
 Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
 Before them of the ten-year's war in Troy,
 And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
 Is there confusion in the little isle?
 Let what is broken so remain.

¹ Island princes — After all hope of the return of Ulysses had been abandoned, Penelope, the wife of the absent hero, was sought in marriage by the princes of the neighbouring islands, who took possession of the house of Ulysses, and usurped the rule of Ithaca.

The Gods are hard to reconcile:
 'Tis hard to settle order once again.
 There is confusion worse than death,
 Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
 Long labour unto aged breath,
 Sore task to hearts worn out by many wars
 And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

120

VII

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,¹
 How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)
 With half-dropt eyelid still,
 Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
 To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
 His waters from the purple hill —
 To hear the dewy echoes calling
 From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine —
 To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling
 Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine!
 Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
 Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the
 pine.

135

140

VIII

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak:
 The Lotos blows by every winding creek:
 All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone:
 Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone
 Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-
 dust is blown.
 We have had enough of action, and of motion we,
 Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge
 was seething free,

145

150

¹ Amaranth and moly — Two famous plants frequently mentioned in the Greek poets.

Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains in the sea.

Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,
In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined
On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind. ¹⁵⁵
For they lie beside their nectar,¹ and the bolts are
hurl'd

Far below² them in the valleys, and the clouds are
lightly curl'd
Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming
world:

Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring
deeps and fiery sands,

Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships,
and praying hands.

But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful
song

Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of
wrong,

Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are strong;
Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the
soil,

Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,
Storing yearly little dues³ of wheat, and wine and oil;
Till they perish and they suffer — some, 'tis whisper'd
— down in hell

Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys⁴ dwell,

¹ **Nectar** — The drink of the gods, as ambrosia was their food.

² **Far below** — The gods were fabled to live on Mount Olympus, far above the clouds.

³ **Little dues** — Small returns.

⁴ **Elysian valleys** — Heavenly places. Elysium was the heaven of the Greeks.

Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.¹ 170
Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the
shore
Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and
oar;
O rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.

ULYSSES

IT little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me. 5
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees:² all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades³ 10
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honour'd of them all; 15

¹ **Asphodel** — The Elysian fields blossomed with the immortal flowers of the Asphodel.

² **To the lees** — Drain the cup of life to the dregs.

³ **Hyades** — A group of seven stars in the head of the constellation, Taurus. It was believed that the rising and setting of these stars was always attended by rain. The Hyades were the five sisters of Hyas, who were supposed to have died with grief at the violent death of their brother. The gods took pity on their grief and placed them in the heavens after death.

TENNYSON

And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains¹ of windy Troy.

I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades 20
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me 25
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire 30
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail 40
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners, 45
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with
me—

That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed

¹ Ringing plains — Resounding with the clash of arms and armour.

Free hearts, free foreheads — you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil; ⁵⁵
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.¹
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep ⁶⁵
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset and the baths² ⁷⁰
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,³
And see the great Achilles,⁴ whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are:
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield. ⁷⁵

¹ **Strove with Gods** — Not only did Ulysses, as one of the Greeks, encounter the gods favourable to the Trojans, but he himself incurred, on his way home from Troy, the wrath and vengeance of both Zeus and Poseidon. It was by the efforts of Poseidon and Hèrè that Ulysses was hindered from reaching his home for ten years.

² **The baths** — The ancients believed that the stars in setting sank into the ocean.

³ **Happy Isles** — The Paradise of the Greeks. A group of islands supposed to be situated off the west coast of Africa.

⁴ **Achilles** — The son of Peleus and Thetis, the hero of the Trojan war. He slew Hector, the son of Priam, king of Troy; but himself met his death at the hands of Paris, a brother of Hector. His arms, after his death, were awarded to Ulysses.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF
WELLINGTON

BURY the Great Duke

With an empire's lamentation;
Let us bury the Great Duke

To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation;
Mourning when their leaders fall,
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.

II

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore?
Here, in streaming London's central roar.¹
Let the sound of those he wrought for,
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore.

III

Lead out the pageant: sad and slow,
As fits an universal woe,
Let the long long procession go,
And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow,
And let the mournful martial music blow;
The last great Englishman is low.

IV

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,
Remembering all his greatness in the Past.
No more in soldier fashion will he greet
With lifted hand the gazer in the street.

¹ Central roar — Wellington is buried in St. Paul's Cathedral in the heart of London.

DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON 59

O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute;
Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood,
The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute,
Whole in himself, a common good.

26

Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
Our greatest yet with least pretence,
Great in council and great in war,
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.

28

O good gray head which all men knew,
O voice from which their omens all men drew,
O iron nerve¹ to true occasion true,
O fall'n at length that tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew!
Such was he whom we deplore.
The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
The great World-victor's victor² will be seen no more.

40

V

All is over and done:
Render thanks to the Giver,
England, for thy son.
Let the bell³ be toll'd.
Render thanks to the Giver,
And render him to the mould.
Under the cross of gold⁴
That shines over city and river,

50

¹ Iron nerve — Wellington was commonly known as the "Iron Duke."

² World-victor's victor — The conqueror of Napoleon.

³ The bell — The great bell of St. Paul's which is tolled only on very rare occasions.

⁴ Cross of gold — The gilded cross which surmounts the dome of St. Paul's.

There he shall rest forever
 Among the wise and the bold.
 Let the bell be toll'd:
 And a reverent people behold
 The towering car, the sable steeds:
 Bright let it be with its blazon'd deeds,
 Dark in its funeral fold.
 Let the bell be toll'd:
 And a deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd;
 And the sound of the sorrowing anthem roll'd
 Thro' the dome of the golden cross;
 And the volleying cannon thunder his loss;
 He knew their voices of old.
 For many a time in many a clime
 His captain's-ear has heard them boom
 Bellowing victory, bellowing doom:
 When he with those deep voices wrought,
 Guarding realms and kings from shame;
 With those deep voices our dead captain taught
 The tyrant, and asserts his claim
 In that dread sound to the great name,
 Which he has worn so pure of blame,
 In praise and in dispraise the same,
 A man of well-attemper'd frame.
 O civic muse, to such a name,
 To such a name for ages long,
 To such a name,
 Preserve a broad approach of fame,
 And ever-echoing avenues of song.

"Who is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest,
 With banner and with music, with soldier and with
 priest,
 With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?"—

Mighty Seaman,¹ this is he
 Was great by land as thou by sea.
 Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,⁸⁶
 The greatest sailor since our world began.
 Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
 To thee the greatest soldier comes;
 For this is he
 Was great by land as thou by sea;⁹⁰
 His foes were thine; he kept us free;
 O give him welcome, this is he
 Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
 And worthy to be laid by thee;⁹⁴
 For this is England's greatest son,⁹⁸
 He that gain'd a hundred fights,
 Nor ever lost an English gun;²
 This is he that far away
 Against the myriads of Assaye³
 Clash'd with fiery few and won:¹⁰⁰
 And underneath another sun,
 Warring on a later day,
 Round affrighted Lisbon drew
 The treble works, the vast designs
 Of his labour'd rampart-lines,⁴¹⁰⁵
 Where he greatly stood at bay,
 Whence he issued forth anew,

¹ **Mighty Seaman** — Nelson, who is also buried in St. Paul's. The bodies of Nelson and of Wellington lie side by side.

² **English gun** — The few guns that Wellington lost, he subsequently recovered.

³ **Assaye** — A small town in Hindostan. Here, in 1803, Wellington, at that time General Wellesley, defeated a force of over forty thousand Mahrattas with only five thousand men.

⁴ **Rampart-lines** — The famous lines of Torres Vedras, behind which, during the winter of 1810-11, Wellington sheltered himself against the attacks of the French under Massena. One of the lines was twenty-nine miles in length.

And ever great and greater grew,
 Beating from the wasted vines
 Back to France her banded swarms,
 Back to France with countless blows,
 Till o'er the hills ¹ her eagles ² flew
 Beyond the Pyrenean pines,
 Follow'd up in valley and glen
 With blare of bugle, clamour of men,
 Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
 And England pouring on her foes.
 Such a war had such a close.

Again their ravening eagle rose
 In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings,
 And barking for the thrones of kings;
 Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
 On that loud sabbath ³ shook the spoiler down;
 A day of onsets of despair!

Dash'd on every rocky square
 Their surging charges foam'd themselves away;
 Last, the Prussian trumpet blew;
 Thro' the long-tormented air
 Heaven flashed a sudden jubilant ray,
 And down we swept and charged and overthrew.
 So great a soldier taught us there,
 What long-enduring hearts could do
 In that world-earthquake, Waterloo!
 Mighty Seaman, tender and true,
 And pure as he from faint of cravén guile,
 O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
 O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
 If aught of things that here befall
 Touch a spirit among things divine,

¹ O'er the hills — The battle of Vittoria, in June, 1813, was the final blow to the French invasion of Spain.

² Her eagles — The French standard.

³ Loud sabbath — The battle of Waterloo was fought on Sunday, June 18th, 1815.

If love of country move thee there at all,
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine! 140
 And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fame,
A people's voice, when they rejoice 145
 At civic revel and pomp and game,
Attest their great commander's claim
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name. 150

VII

A people's voice! we are a people yet.
 Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget,
 Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers;
 Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set,
 His Briton in blown seas and storming showers, 155
 We have a voice, with which to pay the debt
 Of boundless love and reverence and regret
 To those great men who fought, and kept it ours.
 And keep it ours, O God, from brute control;
 O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul 160
 Of Europe, keep our noble England whole,
 And save the one true seed of freedom sown
 Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,
 That sober freedom out of which there springs
 Our loyal passion for our temperate kings; 165
 For, saving that, ye help to save mankind
 Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,
 And drill the raw world for the march of mind,
 Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just.
 But wink no more in slothful overtrust, 170
 Remember him who led your hosts;

He bade you guard¹ the sacred coasts.
 Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall;
 His voice is silent in your council-hall
 For ever; and whatever tempests lour
 For ever silent; even if they broke
 In thunder, silent; yet remember all
 He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke;
 Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
 Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power;
 Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow
 Thro' either babbling world of high and low;
 Whose life was work, whose language rife
 With rugged maxims hewn from life;
 Who never spoke against a foe;
 Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke
 All great self-seekers trampling on the right:
 Truth-teller was our England's Alfred² named;
 Truth-lover was our English Duke;
 Whatever record leap to light
 He never shall be shamed.

175

180

185

190

VIII

W.M.S.
 Lo! the leader in these glorious wars
 Now to glorious burial slowly borne,
 Follow'd by the brave of other lands,
 He, on whom from both her open hands
 Lavish Honour shower'd all her stars,
 And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn.
 Yea, let all good things await
 Him who cares not to be great,

195

¹ **Bade you guard** — In 1848, Wellington drew up a scheme for the fortification of the coasts of England and for the increase of both the army and the navy. The plan was rejected.

² **England's Alfred** — Alfred, the Great.

But as he saves or serves the state.
 Not once or twice in our rough island-story,
 The path of duty was the way to glory:
 He that walks it, only thirsting
 For the right, and learns to deaden
 Love of self, before his journey closes,
 He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
 Into glossy purples, which outredden
 All voluptuous garden-roses.
 Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
 The path of duty was the way to glory:
 He, that ever following her commands,
 On with toil of heart, and knees and hands,
 Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won
 His path upward, and prevail'd,
 Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled
 Are close upon the shining table-lands
 To which our God Himself is moon and sun.
 Such was he: his work is done.
 But while the races of mankind endure,
 Let his great example stand
 Colossal, seen of every land,
 And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure:
 Till in all lands and thro' all human story
 The path of duty be the way to glory:
 And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame²²⁵
 For many and many an age proclaim
 At civic revel and pomp and game,
 And when the long-illumined cities flame,
 Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame,
 With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
 Eternal honour to his name.

209

206

210

216

220

225

IX

Peace, his triumph will be sung
 By some yet unmoulded tongue
 Far on in summers that we shall not see:

Peace, it is a day of pain
 For one about whose patriarchal knee
 Late the little children clung:
 O peace, it is a day of pain.
 For one, upon whose hand and heart and brain
 Once the weight and fate of Europe hung.

235

Ours the pain, be his the gain!
 More than is of man's degree
 Must be with us, watching here
 At this, our great solemnity.

240

Whom we see not we revere;
 We revere, and we refrain
 From talk of battles loud and vain,
 And brawling memories all too free
 For such a wise humility.

245

As befits a solemn fane:
 We revere, and while we hear
 The tides of Music's golden sea
 Setting toward eternity,

250

Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,
 Until we doubt not that for one so true
 There must be other nobler work to do
 Than when he fought at Waterloo,
 And Victor he must ever be.

255

For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill
 And break the shore, and evermore
 Make and break, and work their will;
 Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll
 Round us, each with different powers,
 And other forms of life than ours,

260

What know we greater than the soul?
 On God and Godlike men we build our trust.
 Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears:
 The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears:
 The black earth yawns: the mortal disappears;
 Ashes to ashes, dust to dust;
 He is gone who seem'd so great.—

265

Gone; but nothing can bereave him
 Of the force he made his own
 Being here, and we believe him
 Something far advanced in State,
 And that he wears a truer crown
 Than any wreath that man can weave him.
 Speak no more of his renown,
 Lay your earthly fancies down,
 And in the vast cathedral leave him,
 God accept him, Christ receive him !

275

280

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

HALF a league, half a league,
 Half a league onward,
 All in the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.
 "Forward, the Light Brigade!
 Charge for the guns!" he said:
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

5

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
 Was there a man dismay'd?
 Not tho' the soldier knew
 Some one had blunder'd:
 Their's not to make reply,
 Their's not to reason why,
 Their's but to do and die:
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred.

10

10.0-2*Forward Charge*

III

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon in front of them
 Volley'd and thunder'd;
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,
 Boldly they rode and well,
 Into the jaws of Death,
 Into the mouth of Hell
 Rode the six hundred.

IV

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
 Flash'd as they turn'd in air
 Sabring the gunners there,
 Charging an army, while
 All the world wonder'd:
 Plunged in the battery-smoke
 Right thro' the line they broke;
 Cossack and Russian
 Reel'd from the sabre-stroke
 Shatter'd and sunder'd.
 Then they rode back, but not,
 Not the six hundred.

V

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them
 Volley'd and thundered;
 Storm'd at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well

Came thro' the jaws of Death,
 Back from the mouth of Hell.
 All that was left of them,
 Left of six hundred.

VI

When can their glory fade?
 O the wild charge they made!
 All the world wonder'd.
 Honour the charge they made!
 Honour the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred!

YOU ASK ME WHY

You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease,
 Within this region I subsist,
 Whose spirits falter in the mist,
 And languish for the purple seas.

It is the land that freemen till,
 That sober-suited Freedom¹ chose.
 The land, where girt with friends & foes
 A man may speak the thing he will;

A land of settled government,
 A land of just and old renown,
 Where Freedom slowly broadens down
 From precedent to precedent:

Where faction seldom gathers head,
 But by degrees to fulness wrought,

¹ Sober-suited Freedom — "Not clothed in the specious and glittering raiment of a republic." — *Pelham Edgar*.

The strength of some diffusive thought
Hath time and space to work and spread.

Should banded unions persecute
Opinion, and induce a time
When single thought is civil crime,
And individual freedom mute;

Tho' Power should make from land to land
The name of Britain trebly great —
Tho' every channel of the State
Should fill and choke with golden sand —

Yet waft me from the harbour-mouth,
Wild wind! I seek a warmer sky,
And I will see before I die
The palms and temples of the South.

OF OLD SAT FREEDOM

Or old sat Freedom on the heights,
The thunders breaking at her feet:
Above her shook the starry lights:
She heard the torrents meet.

There in her place she did rejoice,
Self-gather'd in her prophet-mind,
But fragments of her mighty voice
Came rolling on the wind.

Then stept she down thro' town and field
To mingle with the human race,
And part by part ¹ to men reveal'd
The fulness of her face —

¹ Part by part — Freedom in Britain was of gradual growth, and for that reason all the more valuable.

Grave mother of majestic works,
 From her isle-altar gazing down,
 Who, God-like, grasps the triple forks,¹
 And, King-like, wears the crown:

Her open eyes desire the truth.
 The wisdom of a thousand years
 Is in them. May perpetual youth
 Keep dry their light from tears;

That her fair form may stand and shine,
 Make bright our days and light our dreams,
 Turning to scorn with lips divine
 The falsehood of extremes!

LOVE THOU THY LAND²

Love thou thy land, with love far-brought
 From out the storied Past, and used
 Within the Present, but transfused
 Thro' future time by power of thought.

True love turn'd round on fixed poles,
 Love, that endures not sordid ends,
 For English natures, freemen, friends,
 Thy brothers and immortal souls.

But pamper not a hasty time,
 Nor feed with crude imaginings
 The herd, wild hearts and feeble wings
 That every sophister can lime.

¹ Triple forks — Neptune or Poseidon, the God of the Ocean, is represented as carrying the trident, which here stands as the emblem of British naval supremacy.

² Love thou thy land — A full paraphrase of this poem will be found in Tennyson: *Select Poems*, edited by Pelham Edgar, Ph.D., pages 151-153.

Deliver not the tasks of might
 To weakness, neither hide the ray
 From those, not blind, who wait for day,
 Tho' sitting girt with doubtful light.

Make knowledge circle with the winds;
 But let her herald, Reverence, fly
 Before her to whatever sky
 Bear seed of men and growth of minds.

Watch what main-currents draw the years:
 Cut Prejudice against the grain:
 But gentle words are always gain:
 Regard the weakness of thy peers:

Nor toil for title, place, or touch
 Of pension, neither count on praise:
 It grows to guerdon after-days:
 Nor deal in watch-words overmuch:

Not clinging to some ancient saw;
 Not master'd by some modern term;
 Not swift nor slow to change, but firm:
 And in its season bring the law;

That from Discussion's lip may fall
 With Life, that, working strongly, binds—
 Set in all lights by many minds,
 To close the interests of all.

For Nature also, cold and warm,
 And moist and dry, devising long,
 Thro' many agents making strong,
 Matures the individual form.

Meet is it changes should control
 Our being, lest we rust in ease.

We all are changed by still degrees,
All but the basis of the soul.

So let the change which comes be free
To ingroove itself with that which flies
And work, a joint of state, that plies
Its office, moved with sympathy.

A saying, hard to shape in act;
For all the past of Time reveals
A bridal dawn of thunder-peals,
Wherever Thought hath wedded Fact.

Ev'n now we hear with inward strife
A motion toiling in the gloom —
The Spirit of the years to come
Yearning to mix himself with Life.

A slow-develop'd strength awaits
Completion in a painful school;
Phantoms of other forms of rule,
New Majesties of mighty States —

The warders of the growing hour,
But vague in vapour, hard to mark;
And round them sea and air are dark
With great contrivances of Power.

Of many changes, aptly join'd,
Is bodied forth the second whole.
Regard gradation, lest the soul
Of Discord race the rising wind;

A wind to puff your idol-fires,
And heap their ashes on the head;
To shame the boast so often made,
That we are wiser than our sires.

Oh yet, if Nature's evil star
 Drive men in manhood, as in youth,
 To follow flying steps of Truth
 Across the brazen bridge of war —

75

If New and Old, disastrous feud,
 Must ever shock, like armed foes;
 And this be true, till Time shall close,
 That Principles are rain'd in blood;

80

Not yet the wise of heart would cease
 To hold his hope thro' shame and guilt,
 But with his hand against the hilt,
 Would pace the troubled land, like Peace;

85

Not less, tho' dogs of Faction bay,
 Would serve his kind in deed and word,
 Certain, if knowledge bring the sword,
 That knowledge takes the sword away —

90

Would love the gleams of good that broke
 From either side, nor veil his eyes:
 And if some dreadful need should rise
 Would strike, and firmly, and one stroke:

To-morrow yet would reap to-day,
 As we bear blossom of the dead;
 Earn well the thrifty months, nor wed
 Raw Haste, half-sister to Delay.

95

ODE TO MEMORY

I

THOU who stealest fire,
 From the fountains of the past,
 To glorify the present; oh, haste,
 Visit my low desire!¹
 Strengthen me, enlighten me!
 I faint in this obscurity,
 Thou dewy dawn of memory.

II

Come not as thou camest of late,
 Flinging the gloom of yesternight
 On the white day; but robed in soften'd light
 Of orient state.²
 Whilome² thou camest with the morning mist,
 Even as a maid, whose stately brow
 The dew-impearled winds of dawn have kiss'd,
 When, she, as thou,
 Stays on her floating locks the lovely freight
 Of overflowing blooms, and earliest shoots
 Of orient green, giving safe pledge of fruits,
 Which in wintertide shall star
 The black earth with brilliance rare.³

III

Whilome thou camest with the morning mist,
 And with the evening cloud,
 Showering thy gleaned wealth into my open breast
 (Those peerless flowers which in the rudest wind

¹ Visit my low desire — Wait upon my humble wish.

² Whilome — Formerly.

³ Brilliance rare — The prayer of the stanza is for pleasant, not sad, memories.

Never grow sere,
When rooted in the garden of the mind,
Because they are the earliest of the year).

Nor was the night thy shroud.
In sweet dreams softer than unbroken rest
Thou leddest by the hand thine infant Hope.¹
The eddying of her garments caught from thee
The light of thy great presence; and the cope *covering*
Of the half-attain'd futurity,
Tho' deep not fathomless,
Was woven with the million stars which tremble
O'er the deep mind of dauntless infancy.
Small thought was there of life's distress;
For sure she deem'd no mist of earth could dull
Those spirit-thrilling eyes so keen and beautiful:
Sure she was nigher to heaven's spheres,
Listening the lordly music floating from

The illimitable years.
O strengthen me, enlighten me!
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory.

IV

Come forth, I charge thee, arise,
Thou of the many tongues, the myriad eyes!
Thou comest not with shows of flaunting vines²

Unto mine inner eye,
Divinest Memory!

Thou wert not nursed by the waterfall
Which ever sounds and shines

A pillar of white light upon the wall
Of purple cliffs, aloof descried:
Come from the woods that belt the gray hill-side,

¹ Hope — Hope is the child of Memory.

² Flaunting vines — His memories are wholly of Lincolnshire.

The seven elms,¹ the poplars four
 That stand beside my father's door,
 And chiefly from the brook² that loves
 To purl o'er matted cress and ribbed sand,
 Or dimple in the dark of rushy coves,
 Drawing into his narrow earthen urn,

In every elbow and turn,
 (The filter'd tribute of the rough woodland,) - *the*

O! hither lead thy feet!
 Pour round mine ears the livelong bleat
 Of the thick-fleeced sheep from wattled folds,³
 Upon the ridged wolds,⁴
 When the first matin-song hath waken'd loud
 Over the dark dewy earth forlorn,
 What time the amber morn
 Forth gushes from beneath a low-hung cloud.

v

Large dowries doth the raptured eye
 To the young spirit present
 When first she in wed,
 And like a bride of ~~the~~
 In triumph led.
 With music and sweet showers
 Of festal flowers
 Unto the dwelling she must sway.
 Well hast thou done, great artist Memory,
 In setting round thy first experiment
 With royal frame-work of wrought gold;

¹ Seven elms — The seven elms are still standing in the grounds of the parsonage at Somersby, but the four poplars have disappeared.

² The brook — The brook at Somersby referred to in *A Farewell*.

³ Wattled folds — Folds made of rods interlaced.

⁴ Wolds — The hilly districts of Lincolnshire.

Needs must thou dearly love thy first essay,¹
 And foremost in thy various gallery
 Place it, where sweetest sunlight falls
 Upon the storied walls;
 For the discovery
 And newness of thine art so pleased thee,
 That all which thou hast drawn of fairest
 Or boldest since, but lightly weighs
 With thee unto the love thou bearest
 The first-born of thy genius. Artist-like,
Ever retiring thou dost gaze
 On the prime labour of thine early days:
 No matter what the sketch might be;
 Whether the high field on the bushless Pike,
 Or even a sand-built ridge
 Of heaped hills that mound the sea,
 Overblown with murmurs harsh,
 Or even a lowly cottage² whence we see
 Stretch'd wide and wild the waste enormous marsh,
 Where from the frequent bridge, -
 Like emblems of infinity,
 The trenched waters run from sky to sky;
 Or a garden³ bower'd close
 With plaited alleys of the trailing rose,
 Long alleys falling down to twilight grots.
 Or opening upon level plots
 Of crowned lilies, standing near
 Purple-spiked lavender:
 Whither in after life retired
 From brawling storms,
 From weary wind.

¹ **First essay** — We love our earliest recollections the best.

² **Lowly cottage** — The cottage on the seashore at Mablethorpe, where the Tennysons were accustomed to spend their summers.

³ **Garden** — The garden at Somersby is accurately described.

THE DYING SWAN

79

With youthful ~~sainty~~ re-inspired,
We may hold converse with all forms
Of the many-sided mind,
And those whom passion hath not blinded,
Subtle-thoughted, myriad-minded.
My friend, with you to live alone,
Were how much better than to own
A crown, a sceptre, and a throne!

115

120

O strengthen me, enlighten me!
I faint in this ~~obscurity~~,
Thou dewy dawn of memory.

THE DYING SWAN

THE plain was grassy, wild and bare,
Wide, wild, and open to the air,
Which had built up everywhere
An under-roof of doleful gray.
With an inner voice the river ran,
Adown it floated a dying swan,
And loudly did lament.
It was the middle of the day.
Ever the weary wind went on,
And took the reed-tops as it went.

10

II

Some blue peaks in the distance rose,
And white against the cold-white sky,
Shone out their crowning snows.
One willow over the river wept,
And shook the wave as the wind did sigh;
Above in the wind was the swallow,

13

Chasing itself at its own wild will,
 And far thro' the marish¹ green and still
 The tangled water-courses slept,
 Shot over with purple, and green, and yellow.

20

III

*E. Evans
from
O. —*

The wild swan's death-hymn took the soul
 Of that waste place with joy
 Hidden in sorrow: at first to the ear
 The warble was low, and full and clear;
 And floating about the under-sky, *L. 1. 1. 1.*
 Prevailing in weakness,² the coronach³ stole
 Sometimes afar, and sometimes anear;
 But anon her awful jubilant voice,
 With a music strange and manifold,
 Flow'd forth on a carol free and bold;
 As when a mighty people rejoice
 With shawms,⁴ and with cymbals, and harps of gold,
 And the tumult of their acclaim is roll'd
 Thro' the open gates of the city afar,

25

To the shepherd who watcheth the evening star.*—*
 And the creeping mosses and the clambering weeds.
 And the willow-branches hoar and dank,
 And the wavy swell of the southing reeds,
 And the wave-worn horns of the echoing bank,
 And the silvery marish-flowers that throng
 The desolate creeks and pools among,
 Were flooded over with eddying song.

30

40

¹ Marish — Marsh.

² Prevailing in weakness — Heard in spite of the weak tone in which it was sung.

³ Coronach — Funeral hymn or dirge.

⁴ Shawms — Wind instruments.

SWEET AND LOW

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow.
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon; 10
Rest, rest, on mother's breast.
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep. 13

THE SPLENDOUR FALLS ON CASTLE WALLS

THE splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing! 18

Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river:
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow forever and forever.

Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

✓ THY VOICE IS HEARD

THY voice is heard thro' rolling drums,
 That beat to battle where he stands;
 Thy face across his fancy comes,
 And gives the battle to his hands:
 A moment while the trumpets blow,
 He sees his brood about thy knee;
 The next, like fire he meets the foe,
 And strikes him dead for thine and thee.

TEARS, IDLE TEARS

"TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
 Tears from the depth of some divine despair
 Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
 In looking on the happy Autumn-fields.
 And thinking of the days that are no more.

"Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
 That brings our friends up from the underworld,¹
 Sad as the last which reddens over one
 That sinks with all we love below the verge;
 So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

"Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
 The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
 To dying ears, when unto dying eye.

¹ The underworld — From below the horizon.

HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD 83

The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more. 18

"Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more." 19

AS THRO' THE LAND AT EVE WE WENT

As thro' the land at eve we went,
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
O we fell out I know not why,
And kiss'd again with tears.
And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love
And kiss again with tears!
For when we came where lies the child 20
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
O there above the little grave,
We kiss'd again with tears.

HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD

HOME they brought her warrior dead:
She nor swoon'd nor utter'd cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Call'd him worthy to be loved,

Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
“Sweet my child, I live for thee.” ✓

10

15

ASK ME NO MORE

Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea;
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape;
But O too fond, when have I answer'd thee?
Ask me no more.

5

Ask me no more: what answer should I give?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye:
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live;
Ask me no more.

10

Ask me no more: thy fate and mine are seal'd:
I strove against the stream and all in vain:
Let the great river take me to the main:
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;
Ask me no more.

15

NOTES

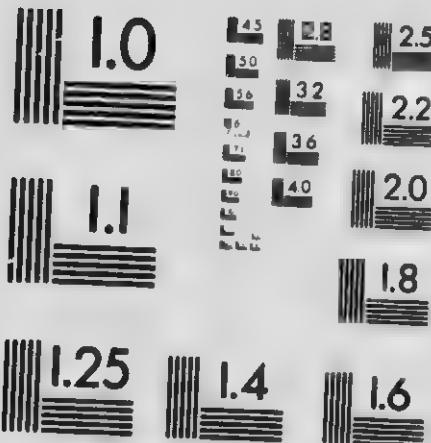
ENOCH ARDEN

FIRST published in 1864 in a volume together with *Aylmer's Field*, *Sea Dreams*, *Tithonus*, *The Northern Farmer*, *The Voyage*, and other poems. The success of the volume was instantaneous, an edition of 60,000 copies having been sold within a short time of publication. Indeed, with the possible exception of *In Memoriam*, this volume has remained as the most popular of all Tennyson's works. The poet himself had his heart in the poems. Hallam, Lord Tennyson says in the *Memoir*: "The joy of my father in heroism whether of a past age or of the present, and his delight in celebrating it, are more than ever apparent in this volume of 1864. He was specially happy when writing of his *Old Fisherman*. . . . It took him only about a fortnight to write *Enoch Arden*, within a little summer-house in the meadow called Maiden's Croft looking over Freshwater Bay, and towards the downs. In this meadow he paced up and down, making his lines; and then wrote them in his MS. book on the table of the summer-house which he himself had designed and painted."

The story of Enoch Arden was told to Tennyson by Thomas Woolner, the sculptor. The story came originally from Suffolk, but of course the poet has changed the scene to suit himself. In his trip to Brittany, just before the publication of the poem, Tennyson gained many additional details which he afterwards used. A somewhat interesting discussion has arisen concerning the indebtedness of Tennyson



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to other poems and stories of a nature similar to *Enoch Arden*. Indeed the specific charge of plagiarism has more than once been made in connection with this particular poem, but any accusation of this kind is at once met by the statement of the poet that he was not familiar with any other treatment of the story when he wrote the poem. Mr. Calvin S. Brown has an exhaustive article on this subject in *Modern Language Notes* for June, 1897.

Excellent annotated editions of *Enoch Arden* are edited by Professor Pelham Edgar (Morang Educational Company, Toronto), by Webb (Macmillan), by Brown (Heath), and by Rolfe (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Careful commentaries on the poem are found in Stopford Brooke's *Tennyson: His Art and Relation to Modern Life* (Putnam's), and in an article entitled "Wordsworth, Tennyson and Browning; or Pure, Ornate and Grotesque Art in English Poetry" in Volume II of Walter Bagehot's *Literary Studies*, (Longmans, Green & Co.).

THE BROOK

Published in 1855 in the volume entitled *Maud and other Poems*. No particular brook was in the mind of Tennyson, when he wrote the poem, although efforts have been made to associate it more particularly with the Somersby brook, referred to in *A Farewell*.

THE LOTOS-EATERS

First published in the volume of 1833, but subsequently very much revised and changed in the volume of 1842. The revision of *The Lotos-Eaters* forms a very interesting study. A full collation of the changes may be found in *The Early Poems of Alfred, Lord*

Tennyson, edited by John Churton Collins (Methuen & Co.)

The poem is founded on a passage in Homer's *Odyssey*, descriptive of the adventures of Odysseus or Ulysses in the Land of the Lotophagi: "On the tenth day we set foot on the land of the lotos-eaters, who eat a flowery food. So we stepped ashore and drew water, and straightway my company took their mid-day meal by the swift ships. Now, when we had tasted meat and drink, I sent forth certain of my company to go and make search what manner of men they were who here live upon the earth by bread, and I chose out two of my fellows, and sent a third with them as herald. Then straightway they went and mixed with the men of the lotos-eaters, and so it was that the lotos-eaters devised not death for our fellows, but gave them of the lotos to taste. Now, whosoever of them did eat the honey-sweet fruit of the lotos, had no more wish to bring tidings, nor to come back, but there he chose to abide with the lotos-eating men, ever feeding on the lotos, and forgetful of his homeward way. Therefore I led them back to the ships weeping, and sore against their will, and dragged them beneath the benches, and bound them to the hollow barques. But I commanded the rest of my well loved company to make speed and go on board the swift ships, lest haply any should eat of the lotos and be forgetful of returning. Right soon they embarked and sat upon the benches, and sitting orderly, they smote the grey sea water with their oars."—*Trans. Butcher and Lang.*

The lotos "is a shrub two or three feet high, a native of Persia, the north of Africa, etc., and produces in great abundance a fruit about as large as a sloe, and with a large stone, but having a sweet, farinaceous pulp, which the natives of some parts of Africa make into cakes resembling gingerbread. A kind of wine is sometimes made from it."

ULYSSES

First published in the volume of 1842, and subsequently unaltered. The poem, however, was written much earlier, probably about 1833, and has much of biographical interest. Tennyson said to Sir James Knowles: "There is more about myself in *Ulysses*, which was written under the sense of loss and all that had gone by, but that still life must be fought out to the end. It was written with the sense of his (Hallam's) loss upon me more than many poems in *In Memoriam*." The *Memoir* also states: "*Ulysses* was written soon after Arthur Hallam's death, and gave my feeling about the need of going forward, and braving the struggle of life perhaps more simply than anything in *In Memoriam*."

The poem has its germ in a passage in the 26th Canto of Dante's *Inferno*, here given in John A. Carlyle's translation: "Neither fondness for my son, nor reverence for my aged father, nor the due love that should have cheered Penelope, could conquer in me the ardour that I had to gain experience of the world, and of human vice and worth: I put forth on the deep open sea, with but one ship, and with that small company, which had not deserted me. Both the shores I saw as far as Spain, far as Morocco; and saw Sardinia and the other isles which that sea bathes round.

"I and my companions were old and tardy, when we came to that narrow pass, where Hercules assigned his landmarks to hinder man from venturing farther. On the right hand, I left Seville; on the other, had already left Ceuta. O brothers! I said, who through a hundred thousand dangers have reached the West, deny not, to this the brief vigil of your senses that remains, experience of the unpeopled world behind the Sun. Consider your origin: ye were not formed to live like brutes, but to follow virtue and knowledge. With

this brief speech I made my companions so eager for the voyage, that I could hardly then have checked them. And, turning the poop towards morning, we of our oars made wings for the foolish flight, always gaining on the left. Night already saw the other pole, with all its stars; and ours so low, that it rose not from the ocean floor. Five times the light beneath the Moon had been rekindled and quenched as oft, since we had entered on the arduous passage, when there appeared to us a mountain, dim with distance; and to me it seemed the highest I had ever seen. We joyed, and soon our joy was turned to grief; for a tempest rose from the new land, and struck the forepart of our ship. Three times it made her whirl round with all the waters; at the fourth, *made* the poop rise up and prow go down, as pleased Another, till the sea was closed above us."

Ulysses or Odysseus was one of the famous heroes of the Trojan war. His adventures on the return journey from Troy form the subject of Homer's *Odyssey*. See any good Classical Dictionary for an account of his exploits and wanderings.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

Published first on November 18th, 1852, the day of the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. It was revised and rep'nted in 1853, and underwent further revision before being printed in its final form in the *Maud* volume of 1855. The Duke had died at Walmer Castle, his official residence as Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, four days previously. The state funeral to St. Paul's Cathedral was an impressive and magnificent pageant.

There was and still is great divergence of opinion as to the merits of this poem. It was received with all but general derision on its publication, but this is perhaps the usual fate of poems prepared by Poets Laur-

eate for special occasions, and at this time Tennyson had held his official position but two years. It might be well, therefore, to quote from the criticism of Stopford Brooke, altogether the sanest and best opinion on the poem: "This is one of his finest poems. It was fitting that the foremost man in England, who had worn his honours with a quiet simplicity for so many years in the fierce light which shines on a world-wide fame, and in whom the light never found anything mean or fearful, should, after his death, receive this great and impassioned tribute.

"Let all England mourn her greatest son; let all England thank God for him, and bury him with honour upon honour"—that is the motive of the beginning of the poem; and it is worthy to be felt by a poet and a nation. Magnanimity and magnificence, great mindedness and great-doing, are the life-blood of a people. To celebrate them with a lavish splendour when he who embodied them in life is dead, is a lesson in a people's education. Then Tennyson passes to the Duke's glory in war, and perhaps in all commemorative odes there is nothing finer than his imagination of Nelson living from his grave in St. Paul's and wondering coming, with this national mourning, to lie

as great a poem as the character was which ed. The mrical movement rushes on ht to rush, delays where it ought to delay. Ne... em set by Handel, its rhythmical movements could scarcely be more fit from point to point to the things spoken of, more full of stately, happy changes. Moreover, the conduct of the piece is excellent. It swells upward in fuller harmony and growing thought till it reaches its climax in the division (vi) about Nelson and Wellington. Then it slowly passes downwards in solemn strains like a storm dying in the sky, and at the end closes in soft spiritual pas-

sages of ethereal sound, like the lovely clouds about the setting sun when the peace of evening has fallen on a tempestuous day. Its conduct is then the conduct of one form of the true 'vric, that whose climax is in the midst, and not at the close."

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

First published in the London *Examiner*, December 9th, 1854. It was subsequently revised for insertion in the *Maud* volume of 1855: but the changes did not prove acceptable, and the present text was adopted in the edition of 1856. The poem was written in a few minutes on the 2nd of December, 1854, "after reading the description in the *Times* in which occurred the phrase 'some one had blundered.'"

The poem commemorates the glorious, but useless, charge of the Light Brigade at the Battle of Balaklava, during the Crimean War. Out of the 673 men who took part in the charge only 195 returned. The charge was the result of a mistaken order, but on whom the responsibility rested has never been determined. Fitchett's *Fights for the Flag*, contains a spirited account of the gallant action.

THE POLITICAL POEMS

The three poems entitled *You Ask Me Why*, *Of Old Sat Freedom* and *Love Thou Thy Land*, were first published in the volume of 1842, but were written about 1833, during the agitation connected with the passage of the first Reform Bill.

ODE TO MEMORY

First published in the volume of 1830. A subtitle is "Written very early in life." Tennyson

himself considered it to be one of the best of "his early and peculiarly concentrated nature-poems." The scenery of Somersby and its neighbourhood is reproduced constantly throughout the poem.

THE DYING SWAN

First published in the volume of 1830. Only a few unimportant changes have been made in the poem since its first publication.

SONGS FROM "THE PRINCESS"

Although *The Princess* was published in 1847, the interlude songs were not inserted until the issue of the third edition in 1850. The poem is divided into seven parts, and between each part a song is sung, making six in all. *Tears, Idle Tears*, occurs in the body of the poem. The songs are here intended to be studied individually and may be considered entirely apart from their connection with *The Princess*.

Hallam, Lord Tennyson says: "The passion of the past, the abiding in the transient, was expressed in *Tears, Idle Tears*, which was written in the yellowing autumn-tide at Lintern Abbey, full for me of its bvegone memories." Tennyson himself told Frederick Locker-Lampson that the poem does not express real woe, but "rather the longing that young people occasionally experience for that which seems to have passed away from them for ever."

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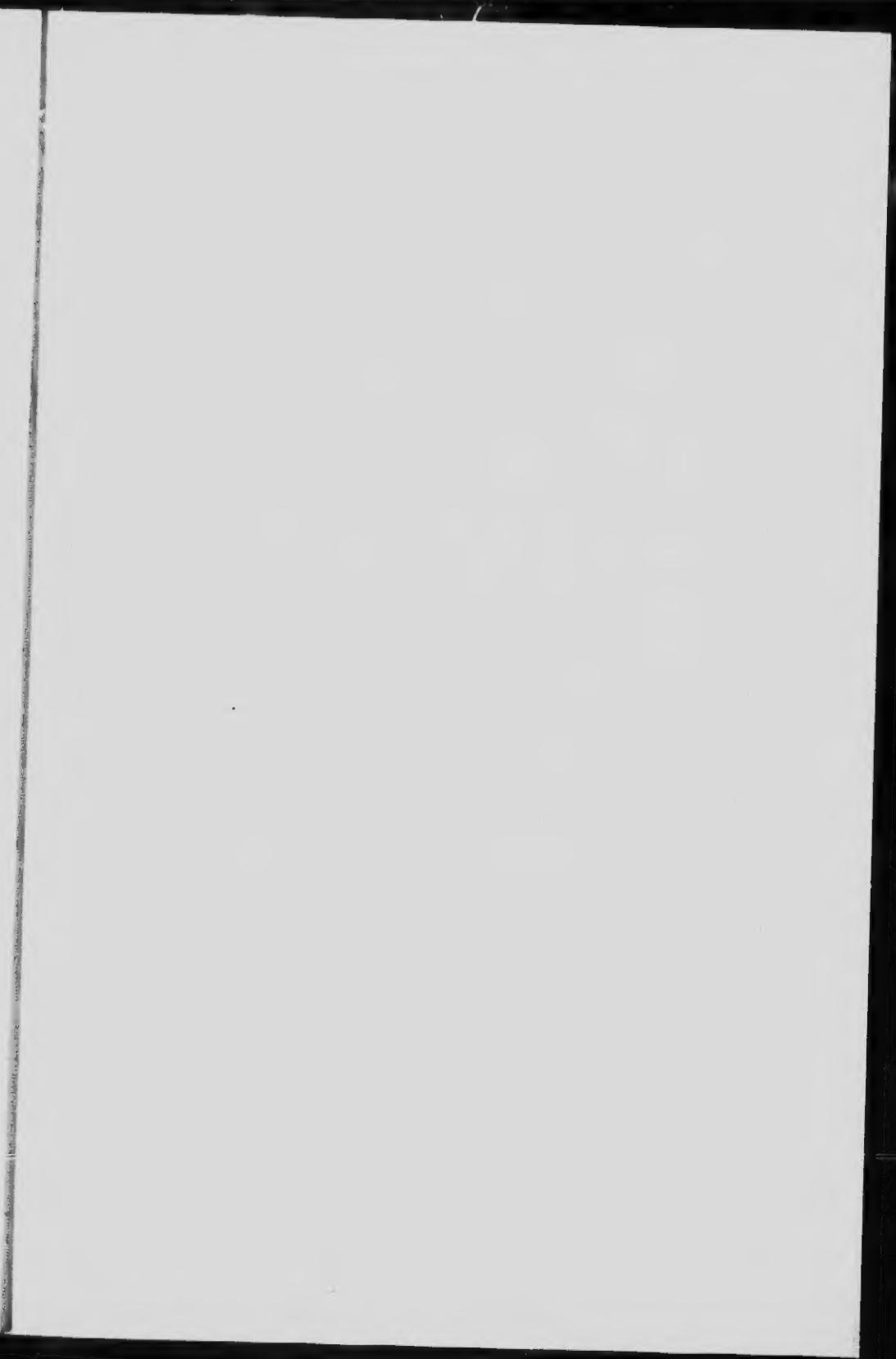
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